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CHARLES STARRETT as
the DURANGO KID
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DURANGO KID
NO. 25

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THE DURANGO KID
BANG!
BANG!
CRACK!
ANOTHER HOLD-UP? NO—THIS IS DIFFERENT—DANGEROUSLY DIFFERENT... AS THE DURANGO KID WILL SOON FIND OUT, WHEN HE TANGLES THE MYSTERY OF
"THE DISAPPEARING STAGECOACH!"
ART BY FRED GUARDINEER

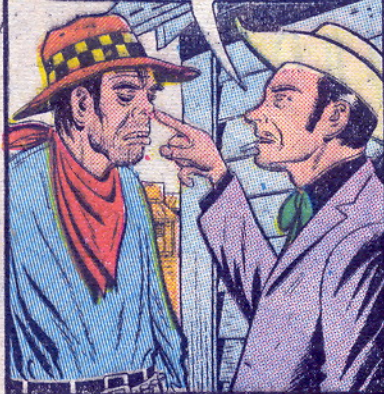
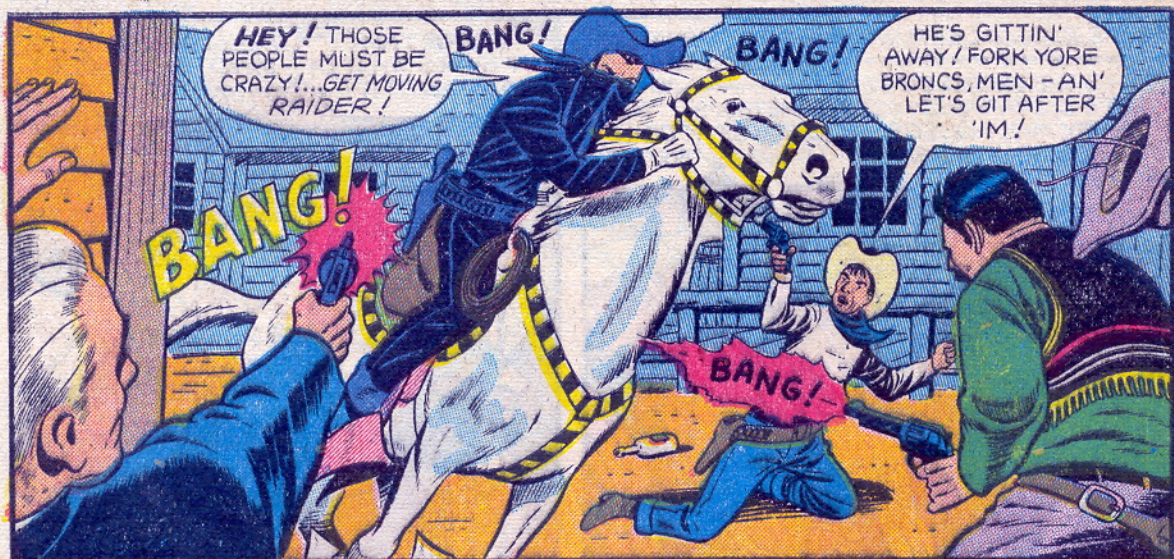
IN THE TOWN OF LIGHTNING...
WHAR IN TARNATION'S THUH SHERIFF? WHUT'S HE DOIN' 'BOUT IT?
THET'S THE THIRD STAGE THET'S DISAPPEARED! GOLD, MONEY, MAIL, HOSSES, STAGECOACH AN' PASSENGERS—EVERYTHING!
SOMETHIN'S GOTTA BE DONE!
SHERIFF'S OFFICE

HYAR I AM! AN' HYAR'S WHUT I'M DOIN' ABOUT IT!
THE DURANGO KID? WHO THE BLAZES IS HE?
WANTED! DEAD OR ALIVE
THE DURANGO KID
$5000.00 REWARD

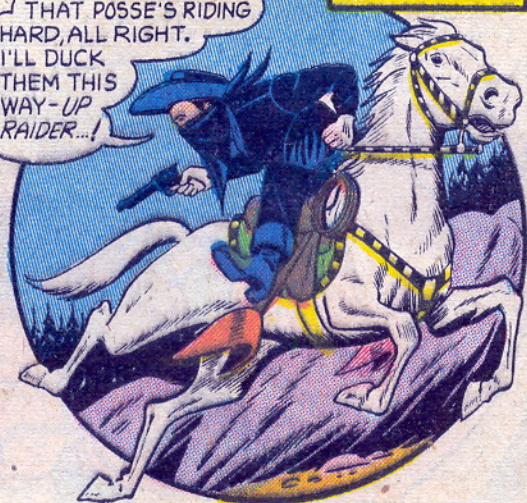
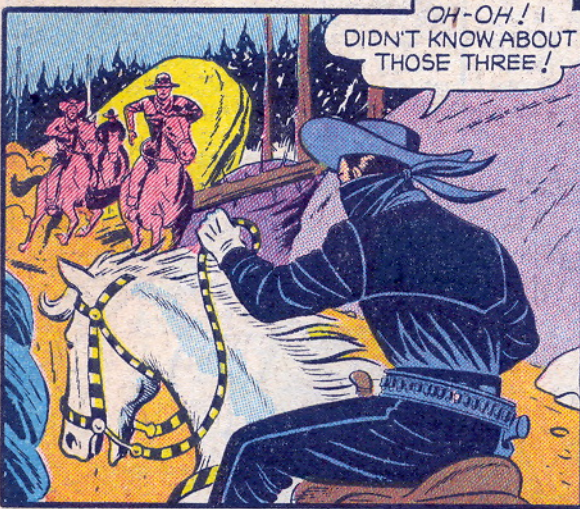
DURANGO'S A REAL DESPERATE ROAD AGENT, GENTS! HE BROKE JAIL LAST MONTH AN' WUZ LAST SEEN HEADIN' THIS WAY. I'M DAID SARTIN' HE'S THUH HOMBRE WE'RE LOOKIN' FER!
WAL, NOW WE'RE GITTIN' SOMEPLACE!

HEY! AIN'T THIS A PIECE O'LUCK, BOSS BARTON? THET DURANGO'S WORTH A FORTUNE TUH US!
RIGHT! HE'S GITTIN' THUH BLAME FER WHUT WE DO! MAKES THINGS REAL EASY—HAW-HAW!
WANTED! DEAD OR ALIVE
HOTEL

WAL, IT SHORE AIN'T EASY KEEPIN' ALL THEM STAGES, HOSSES AN' PASSENGERS AT THUH HIDEOUT! I DUNNO WHY WE JEST CAIN'T TAKE THUH MONEY AN' LET THEM PASSENGERS GO?

WE'RE KEEPIN' 'EM AT THUH HIDEOUT SO THAR WON'T BE ANY CLUES OR EVIDENCE AG'IN US! LET ME DO THUH THINKIN', IDAHO. WE'LL SOON MAKE OUR PILE AN' CLEAR OUT...!

LATER THAT DAY... A BLACK-CLOTHED FIGURE COMES RIDING INTO TOWN...
HOLY SMOKE? AIN'T THET THUH HOMBRE ON THUH POSTER?
THUH DURANGO KID! WHUT NERVE!... GIT 'IM!

HEY! THOSE PEOPLE MUST BE CRAZY!...GET MOVING RAIDER!
BANG!
BANG!
HE'S GITTIN' AWAY! FORK YORE BRONCS, MEN - AN' LET'S GIT AFTER 'IM!
BANG!
BANG!

HOP YORE HOSSES AN' RIDE WITH THET POSSE, IDAHO! TAKE TWO OTHER BOYS WITH YOU. MAKE SURE THEY DON'T CATCH DURANGO...!
RIGHT! THET DURANGO'S TOO VALUABLE TO US! WE WANT HIM ON THUH LOOSE!...LET'S GO, BOYS!
2

MEANWHILE, DURANGO STREAKS THROUGH ROCK PASS...
THAT POSSE'S RIDING HARD, ALL RIGHT. I'LL DUCK THEM THIS WAY-UP RAIDER...!

DURANGO DUCKS THE POSSE -BUT ONLY TO RIDE HEADLONG INTO BARTON'S MEN!
OH-OH! I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THOSE THREE!

BEHIND THIS ROCK, RAIDER! I CAN HOLD'EM OFF FROM HERE- WELL, I'LL BE --! THEY'RE NOT EVEN FOLLOWING ME!

STRANGE - I KNOW THEY SAW ME! NOW HERE COMES THE REST OF THE POSSE, DOUBLING BACK!
HEY, IDAHO! SEEN ANYTHIN' OF THET DURANGO HOMBRE!

SHORE DID, SHERIFF! HE WENT THAT WAY AN' HE WUZ MOVIN' FAST!
THANKS... LET'S GO, BOYS!

THEY DELIBERATELY PUT THE SHERIFF ON THE WRONG TRACK! FOR SOME REASON, THOSE THREE HOMBRES DON'T WANT ME CAPTURED! NOW, I WONDER WHY? AND NOW - THEY'RE RIDING AWAY...!

A FEW HOURS LATER...
THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE, ALL RIGHT-ACCORDING TO MY INSTRUCTIONS..

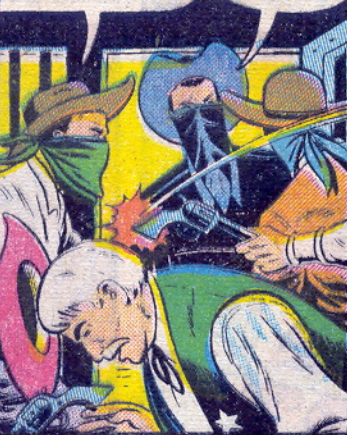
WELL SHERIFF- LOOKS LIKE YOU DUCKED YOUR POSSE, ALL RIGHT.
RIGHT-AND IT LOOKS LIKE YOU DID TOO. YOU SHORE GAVE US A RUN FER OUR MONEY, DURANGO!... I GUESS OUR PLAN'S WORKIN'! IT WUZ A GOOD IDEA OF MINE- CALLIN' YOU IN ON THUH CASE...

NOW LISSEN CLOSE. GIT SOME O' THUH BOYS TUH WORK THUH SALOONS. WHIP UP A **LYNCH MOB** SEE?

I GIT IT. WE'LL RAISE A HULLABALOO AN' THEN...

THAT NIGHT! A MOB FILLED WITH LYNCH FURY, HOWLS OUTSIDE THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

BRING 'IM OUT! BRING OUT THET DURANGO!
GOLLY, THIS IS AWFUL! I DUNNO EF I KIN HOLD 'EM OFF! WOTTA FIX!

THEN, THROUGH A BACK DOOR...
COME ON, DURANGO-MOVE! YUH'RE COMIN' WITH US!
LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT NO CHOICE!

WE GOT YORE HORSE FER YUH, DURANGO. HOP ON AN' COME ALONG WITH US!
THEN YOU'RE NOT PART OF THE LYNCH MOB? YOU'RE HELPING ME BREAK JAIL...!

THET'S RIGHT! WE GOT ORDERS TUH BRING YUH TUH OUR HIDEOUT. YUH'LL NEED A GOOD PLACE TUH LAY LOW FER AWHILE.
WELL-THANKS, MISTER!

LATER, AT THE HIDEOUT...
SO-HERE'S WHERE THOSE STAGES AND PASSENGERS ARE!
RIGHT! SMART, HUH? YUH'RE PART OF OUR GANG NOW, DURANGO-THUH BOSS WANTS IT THET WAY. YUH'LL DRAW REGULAR RIDIN' PAY AN YUH'LL TAKE ORDERS-GET IT?

SUITS ME! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR A GOOD GANG TO HITCH UP WITH, GETTING TIRED OF RIDIN' ALONE!
FINE! WE'RE GOIN' TUH GIT THUH BOSS NOW. YOU STAY HERE AN' HELP THUH BOYS GUARD THEM PRISONERS. SO LONG!

HOW ABOUT TAKIN' OVER FER ME FER A COUPLE MINUTES, DURANGO? -I COULD USE SOME RELIEF.
SURE THING!

MIND IF I RELIEVE YOU OF THIS RIFLE FIRST?
HEY!
GNNG!

ALL RIGHT, GENTS - START HUSTLING! TOSS THE LOOT INTO THOSE STAGES, HOOK UP THOSE HORSES AND GET ABOARD! WE'RE RIDING OUT!
THIS HOMBRE'S ON OUR SIDE!
YUH MEAN WE'RE FREE?
YIPPEEE!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
FOLLOW ME! RIGHT DOWN THAT TRAIL ONTO THE PRAIRIE ROAD!
YAHOO!

BUT...!
WHAT THUH-! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
THUH STAGES! ESCAPED! AN' THET'S DURANGO LEADIN' 'EM!

AFTER 'EM, MEN! PUT ON YORE MASKS! EF THEY GIT TUH TOWN, WE'RE SUNK!
WE BEEN TRICKED! THET DURANGO BUSINESS WUZ JEST A GAG!
BANG! BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

WHUT'LL WE DO, DURANGO? THEY'RE CATCHIN' UP!
QUICK-PULL UP THESE STAGES NECK-AND-NECK! STRETCH THIS ROPE FROM STAGE TO STAGE...
BANG! CRACK! BANG!
OVERLAND STAGE CO.

YUH THOUGHT WRONG! IT WUZ A GAG! I CALLED IN DURANGO ON THUH CASE. AIN'T NO MAN BETTER -HEY, WHAR IS HE? DURANGO!

SO LONG, GENTS! NO TIME TO WASTE-THERE'S ANOTHER TOWN NEEDS MY HELP! ADIOS!...UP RAIDER!

THE END

The DURANGO KID

THE CORPSES ARE COLD—BUT THE ACTION'S *WARM* AS **THE DURANGO KID** RIDES AN ODD CHANCE TO TAKE THE CHILL OFF

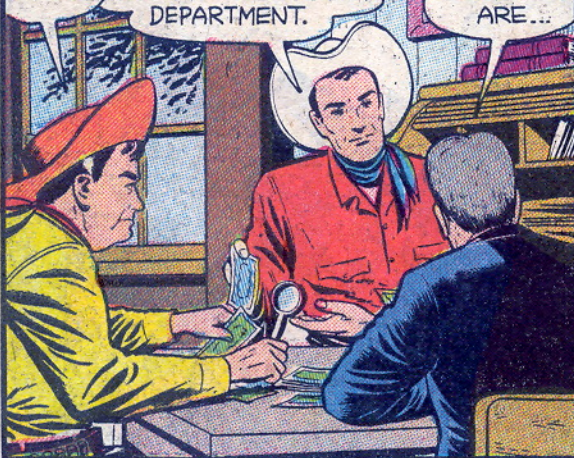
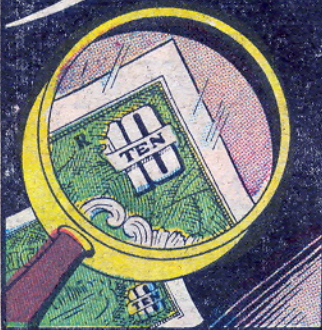
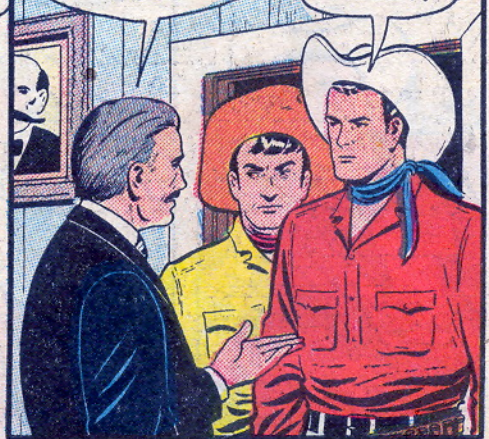
"THE HOT MONEY!"

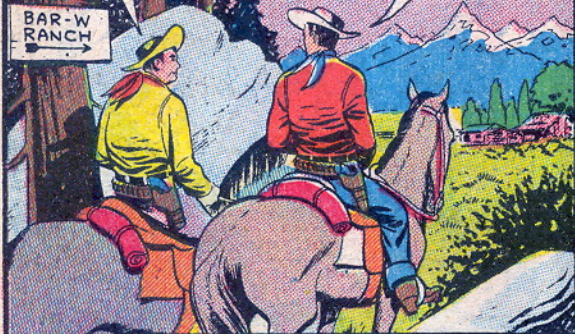
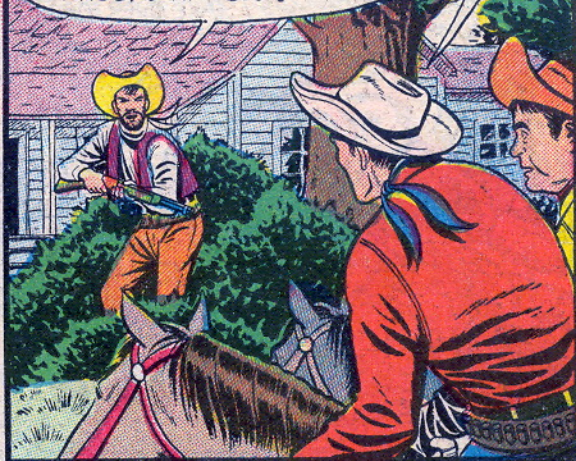
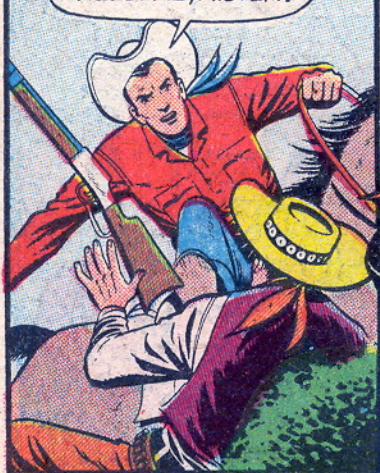
ART BY FRED GUARDINEER

IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF MARSHAL...

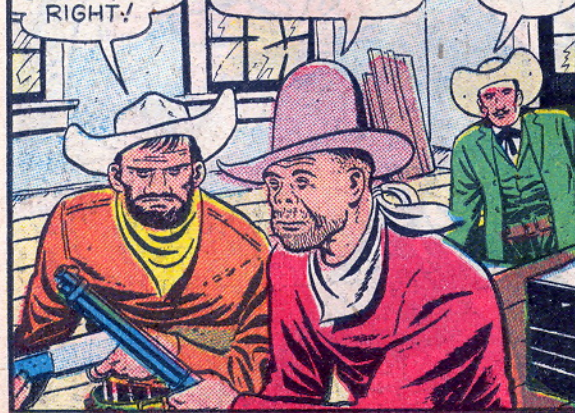
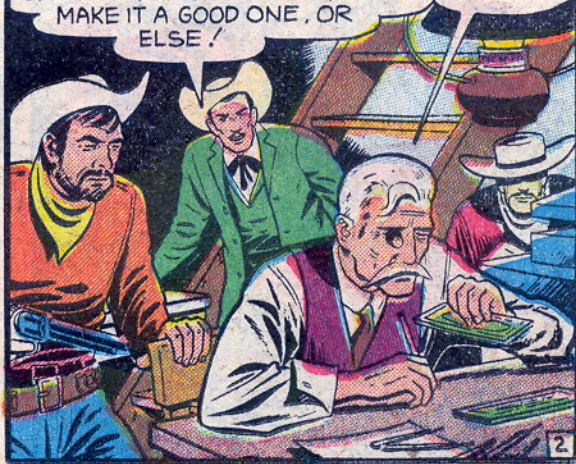
SLICKEST COUNTERFEIT MONEY I EVER SEEN!

THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN WHO CAN PRODUCE STUFF LIKE THIS, CHIEF—THAT'S **POP REMSEN**, A MASTER ENGRAVER WHO WORKED FOR THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

RIGHT YOU ARE...

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, AFTER HARD TRAVELING...

GOLLY, I'M TIRED! RECKON WE KIN FRESHEN UP A BIT AT THET RANCH BEFORE WE HIT TOWN?
LOOKS ABANDONED TO ME, MULEY. BUT LET'S GO UP AND SEE. AT LEAST IT'LL BE SHELTER FOR THE NIGHT AND THERE MIGHT BE A WELL WHERE WE CAN WASH UP...
BAR-W RANCH

HOLD IT, HOMBRES! THIS HERE'S PRIVATE PROPERTY AN' STRANGERS AIN'T WELCOME. SO JEST TURN AROUND AN' GIT!
WHAT THE-?

WE DON'T NEED A GUN TO TELL US WE'RE NOT WELCOME, MISTER!

SO, I'LL JUST LEAVE THIS LESSON IN HOSPITALITY WITH YOU...

...AND THEN WE'LL LEAVE! I DON'T THINK WE'D ENJOY YOUR COMPANY ANYWAY!
DOWNRIGHT IMPOLITE, I CALL IT!

AT THAT MOMENT-IN THE BAR-W RANCH HOUSE...
WOW, THET STRANGER SHORE ROUGHED UP PETE, ALL RIGHT!
EF HE'DA COME ONE STEP CLOSER TUH THIS RANCH HOUSE, WE'DA FILLED HIM FULLA HOLES!
EVERYTHING OKAY, BOYS?

ALL'S CLEAR. GET THAT PRESS ROLLING, JAKE AND TURN OUT THAT HOT MONEY! GET BACK TO WORK ON THAT TEN-DOLLAR BILL, REMSEN-MAKE IT A GOOD ONE, OR ELSE!
YOU'LL SWING FOR THIS YET, SAM JUDSON!

A FEW DAYS LATER, AT SAM JUDSON'S GAMBLING HALL IN BIG ROCK... STEVE AND MULEY PLACE A FEW BETS.

DEAL ME IN, BOYS! I'LL LAY OUT TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS ON NUMBER 21!
HMMM... TAKE OVER FOR ME, JOE!

HEY, BOSS - THET HOMBRE WHO TANGLED WITH PETE THE OTHER DAY IS OUT THERE - AN' HE'S LAYIN' DOWN HEAVY MONEY. ALL NEW MONEY, TOO!
NEW MONEY, EH? NO COWBOYS AROUND HERE EVER HAVE NEW BILLS. LET ME TAKE A LOOK AT THAT STUFF!
PRIVATE

BLAZES! IT'S PHONY MONEY, ALL RIGHT - BUT IT'S EVEN BETTER STUFF THAN WHAT WE'RE PUTTING OUT! SEND THAT HOMBRE IN TO SEE ME - AND SEND IN SOME OF THE BOYS, TOO!

A FEW MINUTES LATER.
YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, MISTER?
I SURE DID. STEP IN...
PRIVATE

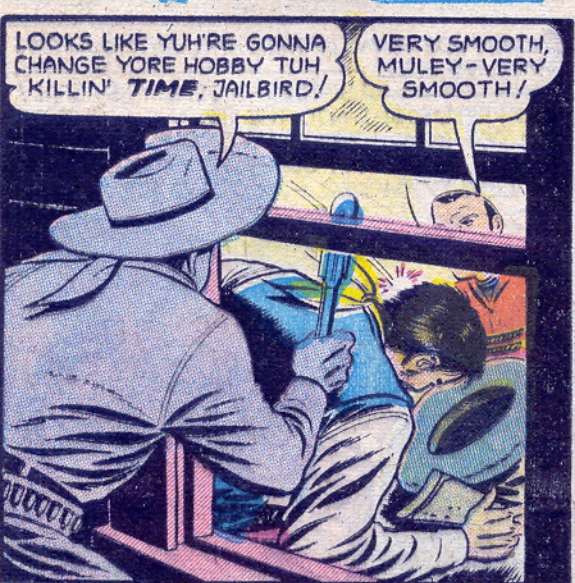
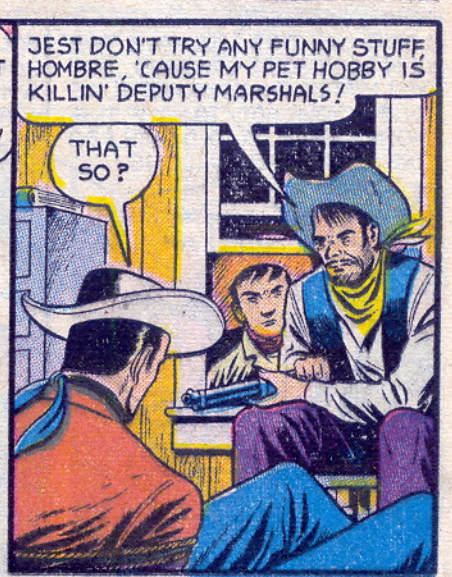
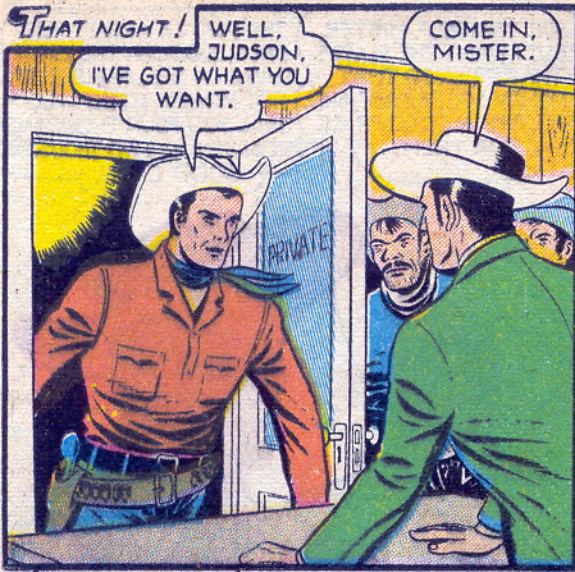
...AND HAND OVER THAT QUEER MONEY, HOMBRE!
YOU HEARD WHUT THUH BOSS SAID, MISTER!

I HEARD HIM, ALL RIGHT...

...BUT I'VE GOT MY OWN IDEAS ABOUT WHAT TO DO WITH MY MONEY!
GLONNNG!

INDIAN JOE BURNS UP THE TRAIL BACK TO JUDSON'S GAMBLING HALL.

BLAZES - A DEPUTY MARSHAL! AND I FELL RIGHT INTO THE TRAP! IT'S TIME TO PULL OUT, BOYS - THE LAW'S ON OUR TRAIL. BUT BEFORE WE DO - *I'M GOING TO FINISH THAT DEPUTY MARSHAL - AND OLD MAN REMSEN, TOO!*

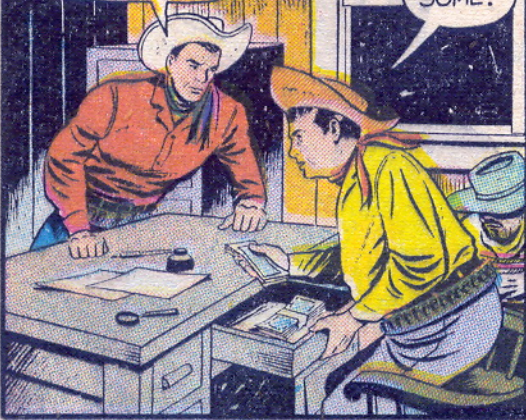
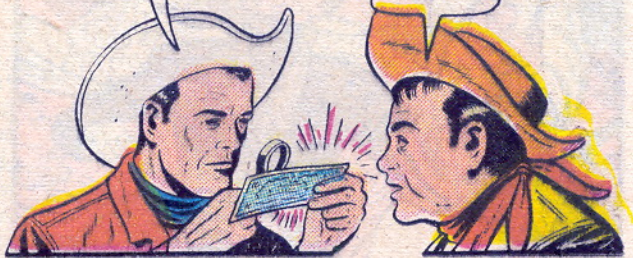
THAT NIGHT!
WELL, JUDSON, I'VE GOT WHAT YOU WANT.
COME IN, MISTER.
PRIVATE

...AND I'VE GOT WHAT YOU DIDN'T EXPECT, MISTER DEPUTY MARSHAL!
BLAZES!
DO WE KILL HIM NOW, BOSS?

NOT YET-TOO MANY PEOPLE IN THE GAMBLING HALL. WE'LL WAIT TILL WE CLOSE UP FOR THE NIGHT AND THEN WE CAN GET HIM OUT UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS AND GET RID OF HIM WHERE IT'S SAFE...

...MEANWHILE, LET'S GET TO THE HIDEOUT, HIDE OUR EQUIPMENT AND DO AWAY WITH OLD REMSEN. KEEP YOUR EYE ON HIM, PETE!
HE WON'T GIT AWAY, BOSS!

JEST DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY STUFF, HOMBRE, 'CAUSE MY PET HOBBY IS KILLIN' DEPUTY MARSHALS!
THAT SO?

LOOKS LIKE YUH'RE GONNA CHANGE YORE HOBBY TUH KILLIN' TIME, JAILBIRD!
VERY SMOOTH, MULEY-VERY SMOOTH!

SO-THEY'RE GOIN' TUH THUH HIDEOUT AN' KNOCK OFF POP REMSEN, HUH? WHAR'S THUH HIDEOUT?
IF YOU HADN'T CONKED THIS JASPER SO HARD, WE MIGHT HAVE GOT HIM TO TELL US.

A SHORT WHILE LATER - IN THE CELLAR OF THE BAR-W RANCH...

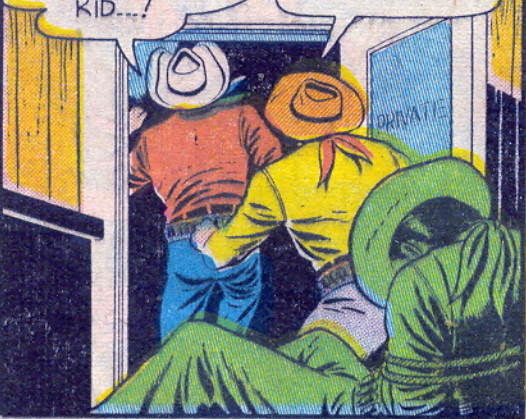
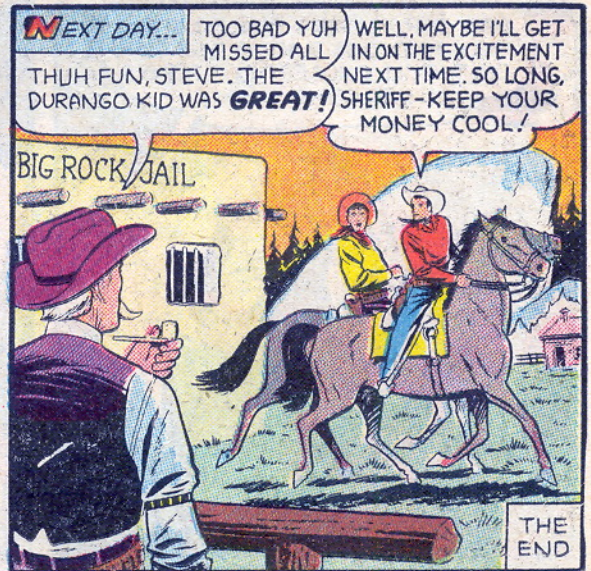
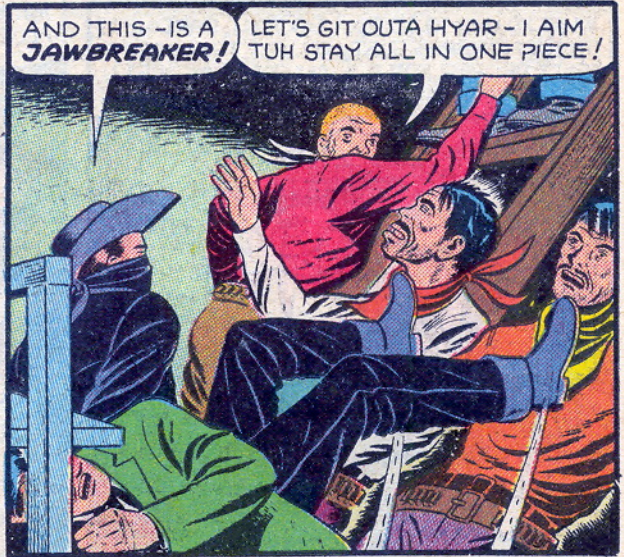
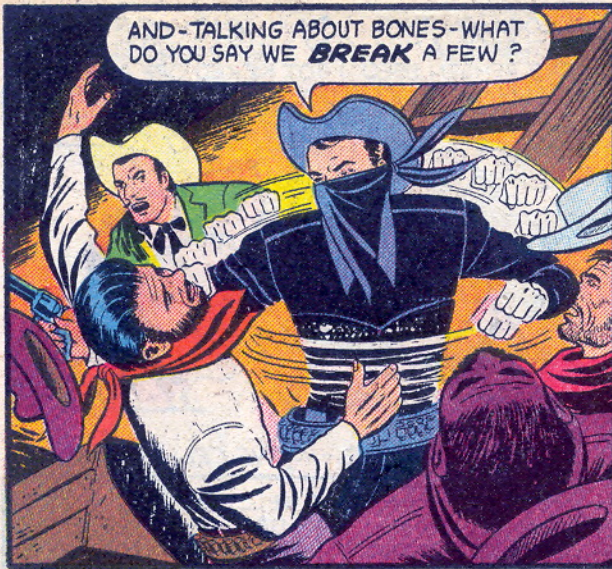
AND-TALKING ABOUT BONES-WHAT DO YOU SAY WE BREAK A FEW ?

MY, WHAT AN INTERESTING PIECE OF EQUIPMENT! WHAT COULD IT POSSIBLY BE-HMMMM ?
CRACK!

A NUTCRACKER, PERHAPS ?
YI-YI-YI-YI!

AND THIS -IS A JAWBREAKER!
LET'S GIT OUTA HYAR - I AIM TUH STAY ALL IN ONE PIECE!

HOLD IT, EVERYBODY! AIN'T NOBODY GITTIN' OUTA HYAR WITHOUT'N HE GOT HAND-CUFFS ON! GOOD WORK, DURANGO!

NEXT DAY...
TOO BAD YUH MISSED ALL THUH FUN, STEVE. THE DURANGO KID WAS GREAT!
WELL, MAYBE I'LL GET IN ON THE EXCITEMENT NEXT TIME. SO LONG, SHERIFF - KEEP YOUR MONEY COOL!
BIG ROCK JAIL
THE END

THEY called him Old Pete. That was the only name he had, the only name he needed. From the headwaters of the Pecos River to the Milk River range in Montana, he had roved the plains and mountains, searching for gold. He knew the deserts, and he knew the waterholes. And now Old Pete had reached his goal. His bulging sacks were crammed with a fortune in the elusive yellow metal.

He chortled to himself. "Heh-heh! Doggone if I ain't went and done it! Found me as rich a vein of the stuff as anybody ever saw!"

He halted the burro to check the leather thongs that held the worn canvas sacks that hung heavy on the Arizona pack saddle.

"A whole fortune, all for myself. Yessirree-bob! There's nobody as can out-dress or out-spend Old Pete from now on! I found my pile, and I aim to have me some fun!"

It was close to noon when the three riders rein-sawed their horses to a stop. Old Pete had watched them for an hour as they quartered across the desert toward him. He waved a hand in greeting, studying them with wise old eyes, seeing the low-hung Colts, the wear and dust of long, fast travel, the dried foam on the horses' sleek sides.

"Howdy, gents," Old Pete said. "You hombres 're a mite off the trail, ain't yuh? Yuh're cow-ropers."

The tallest of the three, a man with heavy shoulders and with a reddish scar zigzagging across his lower jaw, nodded glumly. "Lost our way, Pop. I reckon *you* ain't lost. You old prospectors know these deserts like they were yore own hand. Mind if we ride with yuh?"

Old Pete grunted. He liked loneliness. It didn't suit him to have three cold-eyed men riding side by side with him as he hit in toward River Gap. But he said, "Suit yerselves. But I got to walk. I ain't rich enough to ride a bronc!" Old Pete chuckled in his throat as he plodded on through the sand.

He did not see the three men exchange quick glances at that triumphant chuckle; did not see the eyes narrow in suspicion as they ran over the pack-saddle, over the bulging sacks strapped to the Saint Andrew's cross on the cross-buck. Their lips narrowed, and they pulled their Stetsons lower over their sun-baked faces and rode with their shoulders hunched to the blistering heat. Heavy Colts revolvers bobbed at their hips, and the dull brown stocks of Winchester .44-40s nodded gently at their horses' every step.

The men rode into the heat and the sunlight, breathing air that seemed cooked in an oven, feeling the noonday sun drain at their bodies, hunting out the moisture and the sweat, evaporating it before it could form on their chests and foreheads. Even Old Pete grunted his approval of them, along about sundown. They, like himself, were of the desert breed.

"Yuh hombres ain't no tenderfeet. Yuh been around. Give me a hand with these packs," he told them. "I'll whup up some supper."

The three men were silent, even while the savory odors filtered from Old Pete's cooking pan and into the cool night air. They sat cross-legged, near their saddles, while their mounts stood less than five feet behind them, ground-reined on the sand. Their cold eyes noted that Old Pete's worn canvas sacks were equally close to him while he cooked with his skillet.

When they were through eating, they pulled Wheeling stogies from their pockets, and offered him one. Old Pete took it, turning it in his fingers. "A poor man's Corona-Corona," he nodded. "Some day I'll have all the Coronas I want."

"Strike it rich, Pop?" asked the young one, a slim, wiry youth who wore a black shirt with pearl buttons, and levis so dark blue that they appeared to match the shirt. His Colts' butt-plates were mother-of-pearl. Old Pete had him tabbed as a dude.

"Nope," said Old Pete. "But I still got hopes."

The man with the scar laughed and gestured at the bulging canvas sacks. "Bet yuh plenty yuh got gold right there in them sacks, Pop," he grinned.

"Nope. Nope, I ain't," almost shouted Old Pete. "You stay away from them sacks!"

The man with the scar chuckled, and got to his feet. "Sure, Pop. Anything you say." But under the wide brim of his Stetson, his eyes touched briefly on the hard faces of his companions. Both of them nodded imperceptibly. They sat and watched Old Pete drag his sacks off to one side of the campfire, where he sat, muttering and mumbling to himself.

The three men finished their cigars in silence, then rose almost as one man, and walked twenty feet away. Old Pete never took his eyes from them as they unrolled their blankets, lay down on them, and with a deft twist, wrapped themselves up like bugs in cocoons.

The old man sat for hours, staring into the dying embers of the fire. He felt the cold chill of the night air go through him. *Like*

the cold of the grave, he thought. He was marked for death. He knew the signs. Their chuckles and their light talk did not fool him. They knew he carried gold in those sacks. They meant to take it.

Old Pete sighed. The desert breed did not whimper. He thought of the desert and her moods, almost the moods of a woman in their quick change. Those who lived on the desert, like the horned toad and the cactus rat, made the desert a very comfortable place. Knowing what its plants had to offer, they ate and drank where there seemingly was no food or water.

He lifted his head. His eyes were hard and cold. He stared at the three motionless shapes. He got to his feet and went away from them, fifty, then one hundred, then four hundred feet. When he found what he wanted he went to work, taking his long knife from its sheath, and using it.

Dawn came up in a blaze of red fire that tinted the sand and the sotol shrubs with blood. Here and there the blunt stems of an ocotillo stood up beside the giant's fingers of a saguaro cactus. The maguey plant thrust its spiked leaves upward beside the low leaves of the soap plant. The desert was wakening under the touch of the sun's rays.

From where he knelt over his fire, Old Pete watched the three men unroll themselves, stretch, and walk across toward him, shaking their blankets free of sand. The man with the jaw-scar came to stand in front of Old Pete. "How far are we from River Gap, Pop?" he wanted to know.

"Not far," said Old Pete. "'Bout thirty mile as the hawk flies."

The man with the scar nodded. "I reckon yuh know who we are." His voice came hard and cold. "Mebbe yuh don't know our faces, but yuh sure know we ain't cowpokes."

"Yore hands are too soft to know 'bout lassos an' brandin' irons," nodded Old Pete. "Yuh know more 'bout cards an' guns than yuh do 'bout honest work."

The scarfaced man chuckled. "You use yore eyes — like *we* do."

Old Pete looked up sharply, fighting down the fear that crept up from his guts and out through his throat to his trembling lips. The man with the scar said, "Open those sacks!"

"No, by — !"

The man whirled him, a hand to his shoulder, sending him ten feet away and into the sand. The youth with the black shirt dropped his right hand and lifted a Colt, holding it aimed at Old Pete's middle. The man with the scar upended a sack on his saddle blanket. A score of big gold nuggets tumbled out. The youth with the black shirt swore in awe.

Old Pete jumped while their eyes were fastened to his nuggets. His hands dove for the gun that the youth held, wrestling for it. The third man moved swiftly, circling around behind Old Pete. His Colt was held in his right hand. He shot once, twice, three times. Old Pete jerked convulsively, and fell forward, face down.

The man with the scar appraised him with his eyes, and nodded. He swept up the nuggets and replaced them in the canvas sacks. "He'll never talk now. He can't do anything to us. We'll hit for River Gap. It's only thirty miles away . . ."

Sheriff Luke Herbert bent over the dead man lying face down in the desert sand. He glanced up at the sun, and made a swift calculation. He shook his head. Old Pete had been dead many hours, now. No time to get him in to River Gap. He had to be buried here, with stones over him to mark his grave.

He was unstrapping his short-handled spade when he saw the three men staggering toward him across the blazing sands. At first they were dots moving erratically, then they grew larger, and larger. The sheriff put a hand on his holstered gun, and waited.

When they were within fifty feet, he knew them. He had seen the reward dodgers for these three killers who had come down into the New Mexico deserts from the Utah badlands. They were badly exhausted. Their tongues were black, swollen. Their lips were cracked. *They need water,* he thought swiftly. His eyes took in the canteens fastened to their saddlehorns. *Men without water travel in a circle on the desert.*

A man with a scar on his jaw croaked, "Water . . . water . . . water . . ."

When the sheriff saw the sacks, he guessed the rest — especially when the boy in the black shirt saw the dead man and began to laugh with shrill hysteria in his voice, pointing down at him, staggering around weakly.

"Water . . . water . . ." mumbled the man with the scar, clawing at his throat. "We'll tell yuh . . . only . . . give us . . . water! We did him in. The gold . . . was his. He told us . . . River Gap only thirty miles away. We shot him . . . took gold. But he got us . . . got us . . . like the desert breed he is!"

The sheriff went to a big canteen and put it to his lips. He spat out the soapy water. The other man nodded. "He must've hacked up the roots of a soap plant . . . Indians use 'em fer soap. Dropped 'em in our canteens. Jogging of the horses stirred soap-plant roots an' water . . ."

The sheriff nodded. A man can't drink soapy water under a desert sun. It would get him after a while, as it had these killers. "There's an old sayin' around these parts that the desert takes care of its own," he told them, as he drew out his handcuffs and walked toward them. . . .

— THE END. —

BASEBALL FANS!

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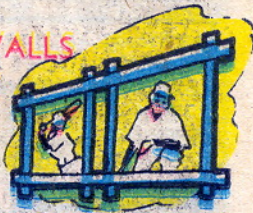
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- ☐ 71-G Dick Gernert
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- ☐ 73-D Al Carrasquel
- ☐ 73-E Orestes Minoso
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- ☐ 81-E Stan Musial
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The Durango Kid

CAN'T BELIEVE YOUR EYES? IT'S **DURANGO,** ALL RIGHT, RIDING THE RANNAHAN TRAIL, SHOOTING AN OUTLAW GUN — IN

"Hear The Owl Hoot!"

ART BY FRED GUARDINEER

KEEP YOUR HANDS FULL OF AIR, FOLKS, AND COME WITH ME!

THIS IS JEST PLAIN ***KIDNAPPIN'!*** YOU'LL GIT YOURS FOR THIS DURANGO!

DAW-GONE! LOOKIT US-***DEPUTY SHERIFFS!*** WE SHORE PULLED THUH WOOL OVER THEIR EYES!

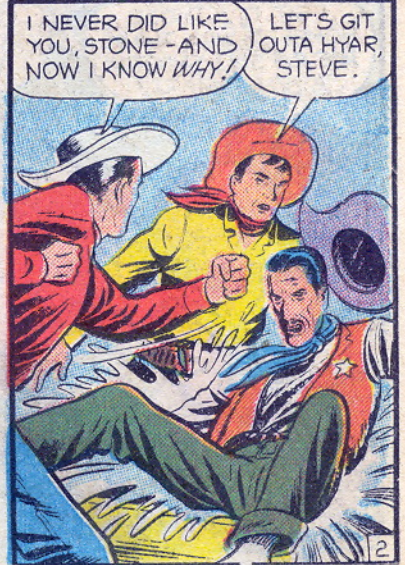
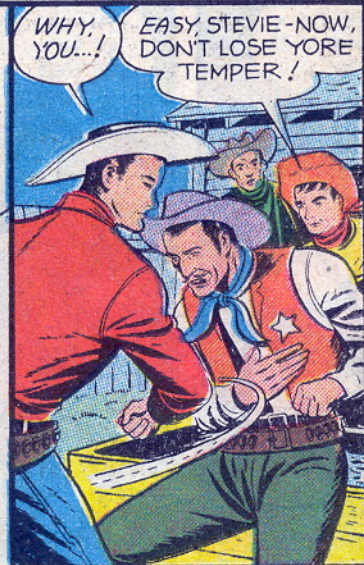
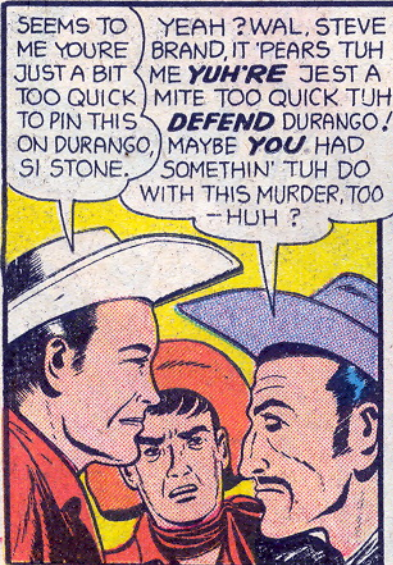
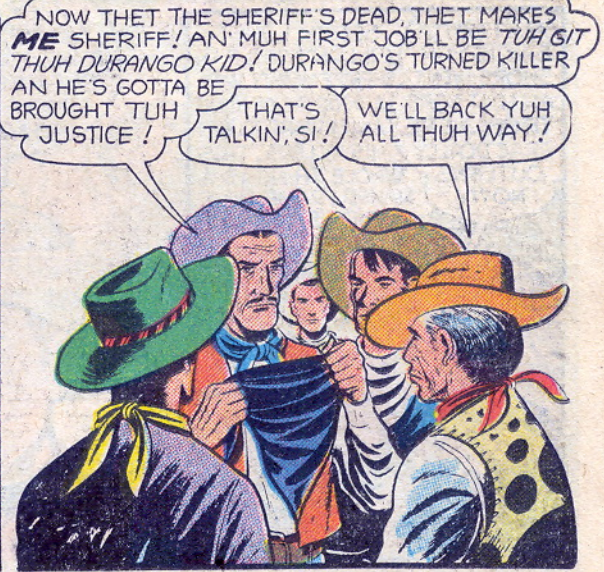
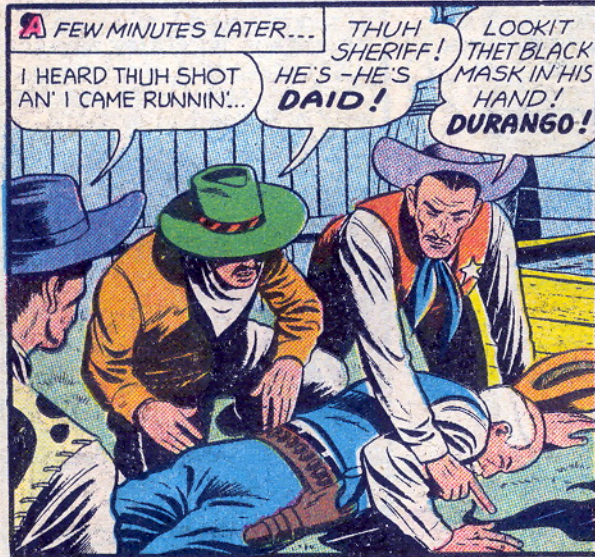
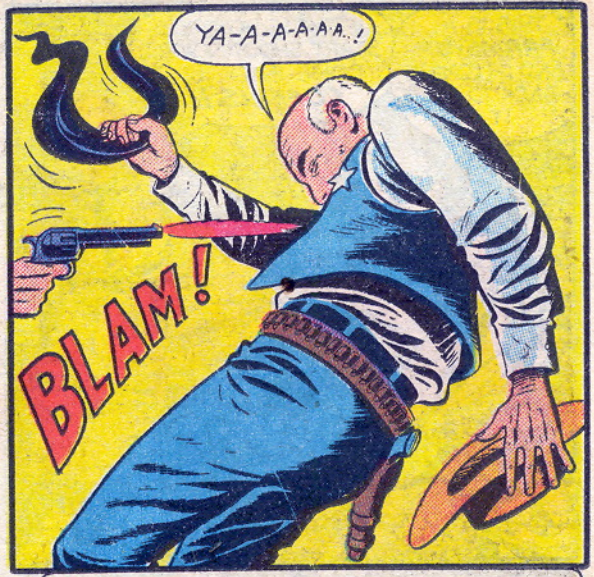
RIGHT! HAW-HAW! AIN'T ***NUTHIN'*** KIN STOP US NOW FROM *TAKIN'* OVER THUH TOWN!

LATER, BEHIND THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

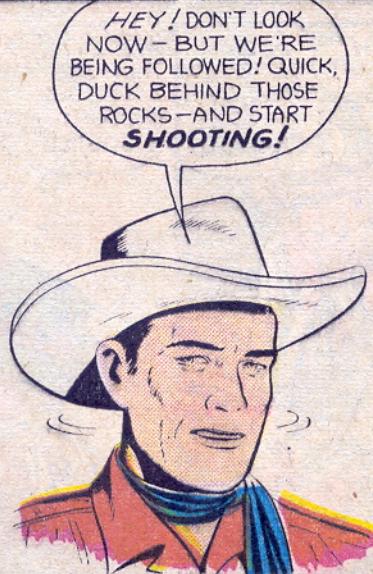
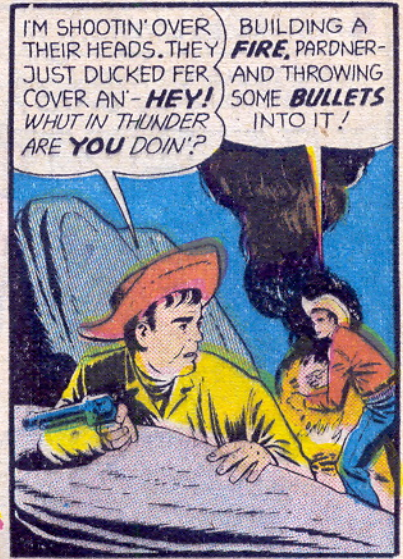
A FEW MINUTES LATER...

I HEARD THUH SHOT AN' I CAME RUNNIN'...

THUH SHERIFF! HE'S -HE'S **DAID!**

LOOKIT THET BLACK MASK IN HIS HAND! **DURANGO!**

THIS IS A FRAME-UP AND I'M COMING BACK TO PROVE IT!
IF THOSE HOMBRES START SHOOTIN' WE'LL COME BACK IN COFFINS!

PETE! JOE! TRAIL THOSE TWO! STEVE BRAND ALWAYS WAS BUDDIES WITH THUH DURANGO KID — MAYBE HE'LL LEAD YUH TUH DURANGO'S HIDEOUT! KEEP OUTA SIGHT, NOW!
RIGHT, BOSS! LET'S GO, JOE!

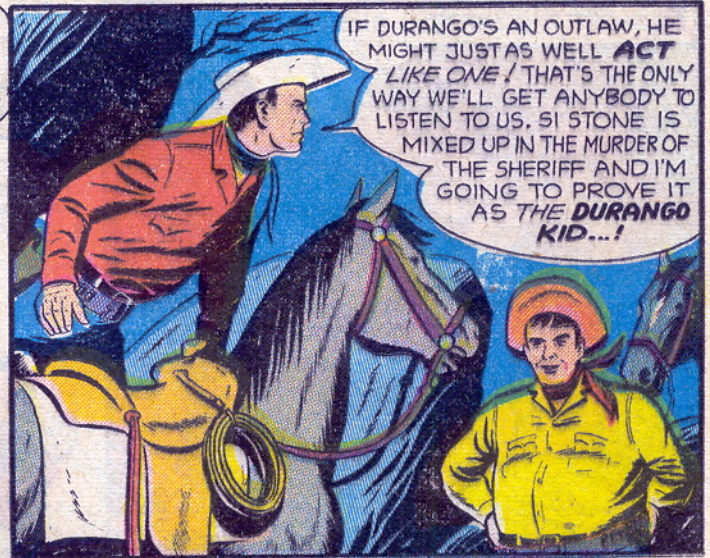
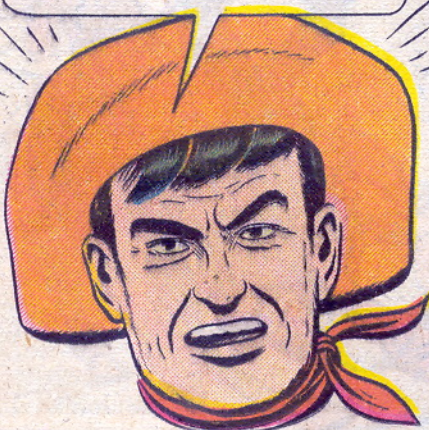
ALL I GOTTA SAY IS YUH SHORE WENT AN' LOST YORE TEMPER. WE'RE PRACTICALLY OUTLAWS NOW!
SORRY. I JUST COULDN'T HELP IT. SHERIFF MEANY WAS A GOOD PAL OF MINE AND I WANT TO GET HIS KILLERS. THIS WHOLE THING IS A NAKED FRAME UP IF I EVER SAW ONE!

HEY! DON'T LOOK NOW — BUT WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED! QUICK, DUCK BEHIND THOSE ROCKS—AND START SHOOTING!

I'M SHOOTIN' OVER THEIR HEADS. THEY JUST DUCKED FER COVER AN'- HEY! WHUT IN THUNDER ARE YOU DOIN'?
BUILDING A FIRE, PARDNER- AND THROWING SOME BULLETS INTO IT!

I GIT IT! THOSE HOMBRES WILL THINK WE'RE STILL SHOOTIN' AT 'EM! SMART!
LET'S GO - AROUND THIS WAY...
BAM! BAM! BA-BAM!

CAN'T FIGGER OUT HOW THEY WISED UP TO US.
BAM! BA-BAM!
LAY LOW— THEY'RE STILL SHOOTIN' AWAY!

LOOKING FOR US, MAYBE? DROP THOSE GUNS, HOMBRES-AND TAKE OFF YOUR BOOTS AND PANTS!
YIIII!- THEY SURROUNDED US!
I'LL SPOOK THEIR BRONCS.

IT'S A LONG WALK BACK TO YOUR BOSS, BOYS. HIT THE TRAIL-AND TELL SI STONE I'LL BE SEEING HIM.
HAW-HAW-HAW-HEE-HEE-YAK-YAK! FUNNIEST THING I'VE SEED IN YEARS!

=GULP!= WHUT AM I LAUGHIN' AT? WE'RE REALLY OUTLAWS NOW! SI STONE'LL HAVE THUH WHOLE TOWN AFTER US! WE AIN'T GOT A FRIEND IN THUH WORLD! NOBODY'LL LISTEN TO US-EVEN DURANGO'S AN OUTLAW!

IF DURANGO'S AN OUTLAW, HE MIGHT JUST AS WELL ACT LIKE ONE! THAT'S THE ONLY WAY WE'LL GET ANYBODY TO LISTEN TO US. SI STONE IS MIXED UP IN THE MURDER OF THE SHERIFF AND I'M GOING TO PROVE IT AS THE DURANGO KID...!

THE NEXT FEW DAYS...
THIS IS KIDNAPPIN' DURANGO-AND YOU'LL GIT YOURS FER IT!
JUST KEEP MOVING, MEN!
KEEP YOUR HANDS UP HIGH, BOYS-AND COME ALONG WITH ME!
WHUT THUH-DURANGO ON THUH OWLHOOT TRAIL!
IT'S NOT YOUR MONEY I'M AFTER, COWBOY-I WANT YOU!
4

IF DURANGO AIN'T STOPPED, THAR WON'T BE A MAN LEFT IN TOWN. NOW YOU GUYS GIT OUT AN' RIDE! DON'T COME BACK WITHOUT DURANGO OR SOME REAL INFORMATION!
OKAY, BOSS, WE'LL TRY. LET'S GO, BOYS!

SHERIFF OFFI

AT THAT MOMENT, AT A CAVE IN THE HILLS...
DON'T LET ANY OF THESE PRISONERS GET PAST YOU, MULEY. I'VE GOT A FEELING THAT TODAY WILL BE THE DAY OF DECISION!
SHORE HOPE YUH KNOW WHUT YUH'RE DOIN', DURANGO!

A SHORT TIME LATER...
SI STONE'S MEN! I THINK THIS IS IT!

GNNN-PHFGGG! BLUB!

DURANGO BRINGS HIS PRISONER TO THE HIDEOUT...
WHU-WHUT YUH GONNA D-D-D-DO?
STAND STILL - I JUST WANT TO PRACTICE A LITTLE MARKSMANSHIP!

I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED IF I COULD REALLY SHOOT THE OUTLINE OF A MAN'S FACE. GUESS IT'S THE ARTIST IN ME - OR IT MIGHT BE THAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHO KILLED SHERIFF MEANY...!
ZING!
BANG!

...AND WHO FRAMED THE JOB ON ME AND WHY! HMM... NOT BAD AT ALL. NOW LET'S SEE IF I CAN SHOOT A LITTLE CLOSER...!
ZING
ZING

NO! NO! NO MORE! I'LL TALK - IT WUZ SI STONE! HE WANTED TUH BE SHERIFF AN' RUN THUH TOWN! ALL US DEPUTIES IS HIRED GUNSLINGERS-SI HIRED US FER THUH JOB. BUT I AIN'T HURT NOBODY-HONEST...

WE HEARD THET- EVERY WORD!
SO THAT'S HOW IT WUZ! WAIT'LL I GIT MUH HANDS ON SI STONE!

THAT'S WHY I HAD TO KIDNAP YOU MEN AND BRING YOU HERE. YOU WERE ALL AGAINST ME - THIS WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD GET YOU TO HEAR THE TRUTH!
GIVE THEM BACK THEIR GUNS, MULEY - WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

A SHORT TIME LATER, IN TOWN...
NO LUCK, BOSS. ONLY THING THET HAPPENED WUZ WE LOST PETE. HE JEST DISAPPEARED!
OF ALL THUH DUMB BLANKETY-BLANK-BLANK-BLANK...!
HARDWARE
JAIL

HEY, BOSS- LOOK!
BLAZES! IT'S ALL THOSE GUYS THAT DISAPPEARED - AND DURANGO'S LEADING THEM! THAT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING. GET INSIDE, BOYS - AND START SHOOTIN'!

DON'T TAKE ANY RISKS, MEN- THOSE HOMBRES AREN'T WORTH IT! KEEP ME COVERED - I'LL GRAB THIS AXE AND...

I'VE HEARD OF PLENTY OF BREAKS OUT OF JAIL...
BANG! BLAM! BAM!

NEXT TIME, BOYS, YOU'LL THINK TWICE BEFORE YOU TRY TO MAKE AN OWLHOOT OUT OF ***THE DURANGO KID!***

THE END

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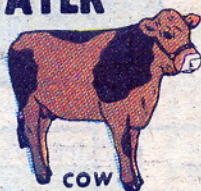
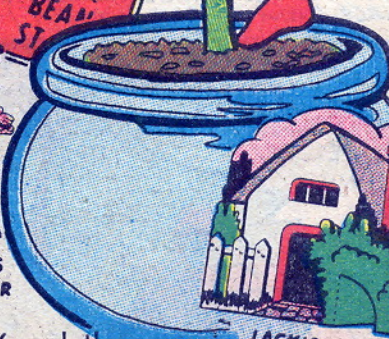
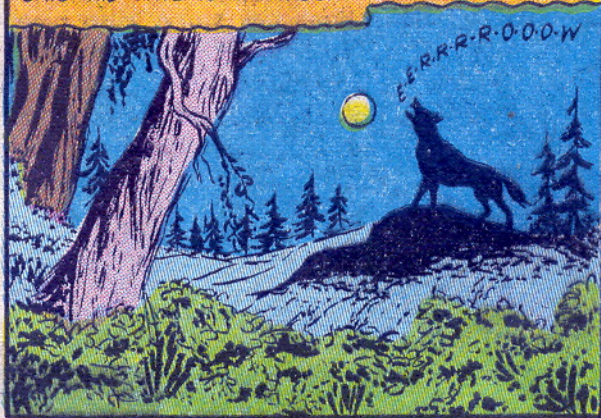
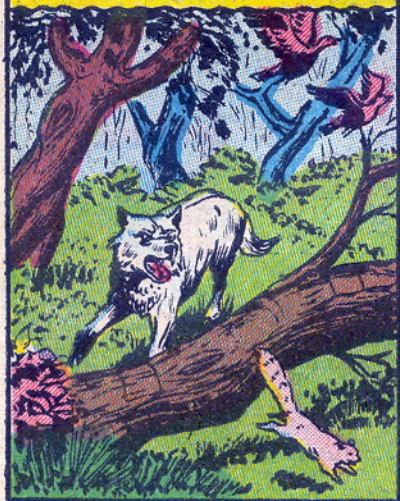
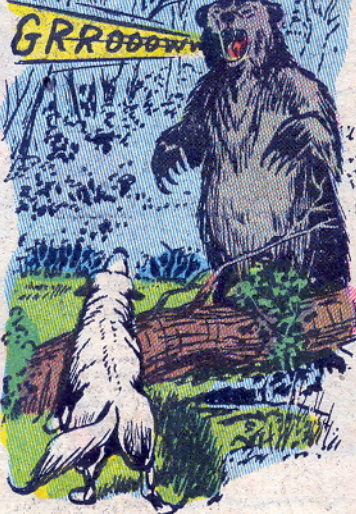

Dan Brand and Tipi

IN A DEEP WOODLAND, A TENSE DRAMA OF LIFE AND DEATH GRINDS TO THE BITTER END. THE LAW OF THE WILDERNESS IS GRIM AND ITS RUTHLESS FACE IS SEEN IN—

"THE REVENGE OF BALU"

Fred Meagher

A BULLET IMBEDDED IN HIS SHOULDER, THE WHITE WOLF GOES IN SEARCH OF A HIDING PLACE

...AND RUNS SMACK INTO AN OLD ENEMY OF HIS!
GRRoooww

MANY A TIME THE VALIANT WHITE WOLF HAS SENT THE BEAR HOWLING HOMEWARD, LICKING HIS WOUNDS. BUT NOW, BALU IS WEAK AND WOUNDED. THE BEAR SMELLS BLOOD—AND VENGEANCE!
RRRAAAH

IT LOOKS BAD FOR BALU, MONARCH OF THE FOREST!
R-R-R-A AAA!

BUT THEN!
G-RR OW!
DAN, LOOK— IT'S BALU! AND HE'S IN TROUBLE!
QUICK—GET THAT BEAR! YOU TAKE HIM FROM THE REAR...

CAREFUL, BROTHER, HE'S DANGEROUS!
CAREFUL, YOURSELF!

NO BEAST IS A MATCH FOR THE MIGHTIEST HUNTERS IN ALL THE FOREST—DAN BRAND AND TIPI—WOODSMEN SUPREME!
THAT DID IT!
BALU! BALU—IT'S US, DAN AND TIPI! OH, BALU, YOU WERE ALMOST KILLED! DAN—LOOK—HE'S BEEN SHOT!

THE BULLET'S STILL IN THERE—WE'VE GOT TO DIG IT OUT... EASY, BALU—EASY, OLD BOY. LOOK, TIPI—HE KNOWS WE'RE TRYING TO HELP HIM! HE'S NOT BUDGING A MUSCLE.
I'LL GATHER HERBS FOR A POULTICE!

HE'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW IN A FEW DAYS.
I HOPE SO! WE'VE GOT TO STAY WITH HIM, JUST TO MAKE SURE!

A FEW DAYS LATER...
IT'S HEALING OVER, DAN.
GOOD! THEN WE'VE GOT TO BE MOVING! WE MUSTN'T FORGET WHY WE'RE HERE. WE CAN'T WASTE ANY MORE TIME!

WE'VE RECEIVED REPORTS THAT SI BANNIS IS HIDING OUT IN THESE WOODS. OUR MISSION IS TO CAPTURE HIM AND BRING HIM TO GENERAL WASHINGTON FOR THE JUSTICE HE DESERVES!

LET'S GO. WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE BALU BEHIND. THERE'S LITTLE TIME—WE'VE GOT TO SEARCH EVERY INCH OF THIS FOREST!
STAY BACK, BALU! SIT DOWN, BOY! WE'LL BE BACK!

YOU TAKE THAT TRAIL, TIPI, AND I'LL TAKE THIS ONE. WE'LL MEET AT THE OTHER END OF THE FOREST. NOW TAKE IT EASY—YOUR MISSION IS JUST TO FIND BANNIS AND TELL ME. WE'LL TACKLE THAT TRAITOR TOGETHER! HE'S A CLEVER WOODSMAN, SO BE CAREFUL!
RIGHT!

ALONE, TIPI PENETRATES FAR INTO THE WOODS...
QUIETLY, NOT A SOUND—AS MY MOHAWK TEACHERS HAVE TAUGHT ME! I'LL STAY AWAY FROM THE BEATEN TRAILS.

SUDDENLY!
YIII! A BEAR TRAP! AHHHH... MY FOOT...!
CLANG

SO, IT'S THE INDIAN BRAT! TOO BAD IT'S NOT DAN BRAND—BUT I'LL GET HIM, TOO! I FIGURED YOU'D KEEP OFF THE BEATEN TRAILS—YOU WALKED RIGHT INTO MY TRAP!
BANNIS!

WITH YOUR HANDS TIED, INJUN, YOU'LL NEVER GET YOURSELF FREE FROM THIS TRAP. NOW IT'S JUST DAN BRAND I'VE GOT TO WORRY ABOUT...

...WHILE THE WOLVES MAKE A MEAL OUT OF YOU—WHICH OUGHT TO BE IN JUST A COUPLE OF HOURS, WHEN NIGHT CLOSES IN! HAW-HAW-HA-HA!
I'LL LIVE TO SEE YOU HANG, SI BANNIS...!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...
BUT I D-D-DON'T S-S-SEE HOW!

SUDDENLY A WHITE STREAK OF FURY FLASHES ACROSS THE FOREST CLEARING...
BALU! MY BLESSED ANCESTORS!

BEAUTIFUL, BALU! AH, BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET ME OUT OF THIS TRAP..

GO GET DAN, BALU! GO GET DAN, BOY! QUICK! QUICK!

AH, BALU! HURRY, HURRY! DAN, WHERE ARE YOU? MUST KEEP CONSCIOUS... MUST KEEP... AHHHHHHH...

A LITTLE LATER...
TIPI!

DAWN...
I'LL GET BANNIS FOR THIS—OR DIE TRYING! YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT HERE, TIPI. I'M GOING TO TAKE BALU WITH ME.
I WONDER WHY WE DIDN'T THINK OF USING HIM IN THE FIRST PLACE!

THE MAN SMELL, BALU— GO GET HIM!
GRR

BALU'S UNFAILING SENSE OF SMELL LEADS DAN DIRECTLY TO BANNIS' CLEVER HIDING PLACE...
BANNIS! I AM HERE—DAN BRAND! COME OUT WITHOUT WEAPONS— AND FIGHT IT OUT WITH ME!
BLAZES!

WITHOUT WEAPONS, EH? THAT'S THE WAY I'VE WANTED IT FOR A LONG TIME, DAN--YOU WITHOUT WEAPONS --BUT ME WITH A GUN!
THERE ISN'T AN OUNCE OF HONOR IN YOU, SI BANNIS!

THAT WHITE WOLF-- Yiiii!

TAKES A WOLF TO MAKE A MAN OUT OF YOU, BANNIS! STAND BACK, BALU--
I HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH THIS MAN, TOO!

THIS IS FOR WHAT YOU DID TO TIPI!

AND THIS IS JUST ON GENERAL PRINCIPALS, TRAITOR!
OOOM-P-H

A SHORT TIME LATER...
MOVE ON, BANNIS... JUSTICE WAITS FOR YOU--AND IT WON'T BE KIND!
GOODBYE, BALU-- WE'LL BE BACK!
A-A-A-R-R-OOOOOOO...
THE END

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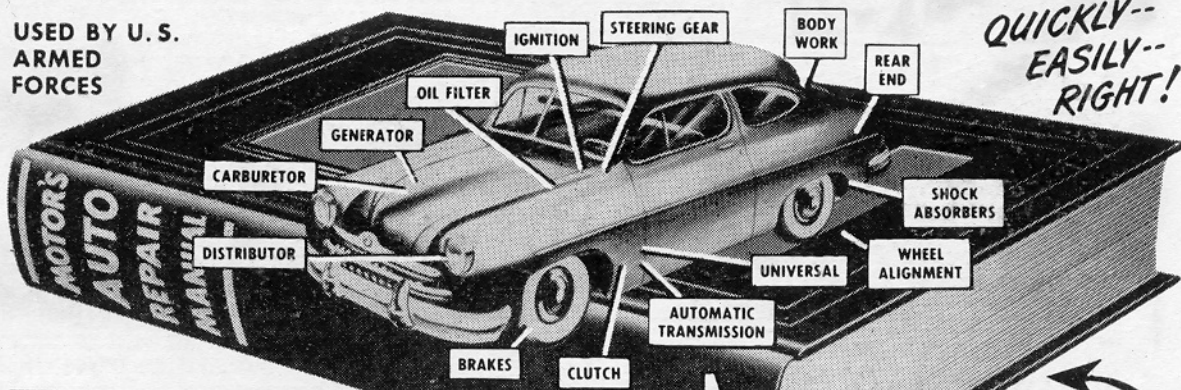
USED BY U. S. ARMED FORCES

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DIDN'T COST ME A DIME- JUST GOT IT FOR SELLING WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE!
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Cameras, Corn Poppers, Speedball Cartoon Sets, Aluminum Ware, Blankets (sent postage paid). Mail coupon for SALVE and pictures to start.
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GET BIG CATALOG!
Candid Cameras with carrying case, Telescopes, Watches (sent postage paid). SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35c a box (with picture). Alarm Clocks, Pen & Pencil Sets, Bibles, Billfolds, Telescopes, Roller Skates, Blankets, Aluminum Ware Record Players. Movie Machines (postage pd.). Rush coupon to start!
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